Stephen Warfield Gambrill

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MARYLAND

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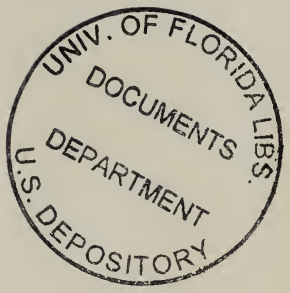

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Stephen Warfield Gambrill

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MARYLAND

Seventy-sixth Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
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Biography

STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL was born near Savage, Howard County, Md., October 2, 1873; attended the common schools and Maryland Agricultural College; was graduated from the law department of Columbian College (now George Washington University), Washington, D. C., in 1896; was admitted to the bar in 1897 and commenced the practice of law in Baltimore, Md.; member of the State house of delegates 1920–22; served in the State senate in 1924; elected as a Democrat to the Sixty-eighth Congress to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Sidney E. Mudd; reelected to the Sixty-ninth and to the seven succeeding Congresses, and served from November 4, 1924, until his death in Washington, D. C., December 19, 1938, before the beginning of the Seventy-sixth Congress, to which he had been reelected; interment in Cedar Hill Cemetery (Md.), near Washington, D. C.

In the House of Representatives

MONDAY, *May 1, 1939.*

Mr. BULWINKLE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of House Resolution 160:

The Clerk read as follows:

House Resolution 160

Resolved, That on Tuesday, May 30, 1939, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until 10 legislative days thereafter on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-sixth Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, Sacred Selections (11:30 to 12)—
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer.....The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation.....The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

I Know That My Redeemer Liveth (Dudley Buck).....John Carter

Scripture Reading and Prayer.....The Chaplain

The Lord Is My Shepherd (Rogers).....The Temple Quartet

Roll of Deceased Members—
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional Silence

Rest In Peace (Schubert).....The Temple Quartet

Address.....Hon. Thomas A. Jenkins
Representative from the State of Ohio

A Spirit Flower (Campbell Tipton).....John Carter

Address.....Hon. James P. McGranery
Representative from the State of Pennsylvania

The Strife Is O'er (Palestrina).....The Temple Quartet

Taps.....Winfred Kemp

Benediction.....The Chaplain

Stephen Warfield Gambrill

Memorial Services

TUESDAY, *May 30, 1939.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives presided.

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee and worthily magnify Thy holy name. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Mr. John Carter sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," by Dudley Buck.

SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER

The Chaplain, Dr. Montgomery:

I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever believeth on Me shall never die.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of

mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world; even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep; They are like grass: In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

* * * * * * *

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am ye may be also.

* * * * * * *

I heard a voice from heaven saying, write: Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they rest from their labors; for their works do follow them.

Heavenly Father, our Companion of The Lonely Way; O Thou whose star stood above the Judean hills, be very graciously near us and draw aside the veil of grief. Let us not mourn, as those who love and lose in this fading world; let Thy full-orbed spirit be upon our waiting souls like the dawn upon the hills of earth. How firm, how strong, how sovereign is that manhood that lives and breathes through Thee. May that peace prevail among us that might even flow from the robes of angels. Let us hear the evening

hymn that calls us from the language of earth to the language of heaven. O Thou who didst bow Thy head upon the cross and passed beneath the shadow of pain and dying, comfort the sorrowing ones who linger here. Dear Lord, so often our reason wrestles for the daybreak and asks for the way, the truth and light; on the wings of our prayer we come to Thee in our weakness. Keep us all in the shelter of Thy presence until the stream of death we cross—and unto Thee be eternal praise.

If on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.

Teach us in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart
To live by faith alone.

Through Christ our Saviour.

The Temple Quartet sang "The Lord is My Shepherd," by Rogers.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Roger M. Calloway, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

ROYAL SAMUEL COPELAND, Senator from the State of New York: Doctor; lawyer; professor, author; house surgeon, University of Michigan Hospital, 1889–90; practiced medicine 1890–95; professor, medical school, University of Michigan, 1895–1908; Mayor Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1901–03; dean, New York Flower Hospital Medical College, 1908–18; fellow of the American College of Surgeons; commissioner of public health and president of the New York Board of Health 1918–23; elected to the United States Senate 1922, 1928, and again in 1934. Died June 17, 1938.

JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, Senator from the State of Illinois: Lawyer; author; soldier; member of the Senate, State of Washington; candidate for Governor of Washington 1892; Member of the Fifty-fifth Congress; served as Inspector General during Spanish American War; corporation counsel, City of Chicago, 1905–07; candidate

for Governor of Illinois, 1908; delegate, Safety at Sea Convention at London 1914; designated to incidental service in Europe during the World War, reporting to the President; decorated by foreign countries; elected to the United States Senate 1912, 1930, and 1936. Died April 9, 1939.

CHARLES J. COLDEN, Seventeenth Congressional District of California: Educator; businessman; journalist; president of the board of regents of Northwest Missouri Teachers College; president of Los Angeles Harbor Commission; member of Los Angeles City Council; elected to the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died April 15, 1938.

ALLARD HENRY GASQUE, Sixth Congressional District of South Carolina: Educator; superintendent of education, Florence County; president State Teachers Association and State County Superintendents Association; member State democratic executive committee; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Chairman, Committee on Pensions at the time of his death June 17, 1938.

ROBERT LOW BACON, First Congressional District of New York: Lawyer; soldier; served in the Field Artillery, United States Army, during World War; instructor of Field Artillery; commanding officer training battalion; brigade adjutant; assistant to Chief of Field Artillery; awarded Distinguished Service Medal; delegate, Republican National Convention, 1920; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses. Died September 12, 1938.

JOHN JOSEPH BOYLAN, Fifteenth Congressional District of New York: Businessman; member New York Assembly 1910–12; State senator 1913–22; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; member of the Committee on Appropriations; chairman of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Commission. Died October 5, 1938.

STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL, Fifth Congressional District of Maryland: Lawyer; member State legislature 1920–22; member of the Maryland State Senate 1924; Member of the Sixty-eighth, Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Congresses; reelected to the Seventy-sixth Congress. Died December 19, 1938.

WILLIAM BEN CRAVENS, Fourth Congressional District of Arkansas: Lawyer; city attorney, Fort Smith, 1898–1902; prosecuting attorney of the twelfth judicial district of Arkansas 1900–06; Member of the Sixtieth, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died January 13, 1939.

JOHN BURRWOOD DALY, Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Lawyer; educator; master of arts and doctor of laws; assistant city solicitor of Philadelphia for 12 years; member faculty of La Salle College; Member of the Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died March 12, 1939.

CLARENCE WYLY TURNER, Sixth Congressional District of Tennessee: Lawyer; editor; elected to State senate of Tennessee 1900, 1909, and 1911; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1920 and 1932; mayor and city attorney, Waverly, Tenn.; county judge, Humphreys County, 1920–33; Member of the Sixty-seventh, Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, and Seventy-sixth Congresses. Died March 23, 1939.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

The Temple Quartette sang "Rest in Peace," by Schubert.

Hon. THOMAS A. JENKINS, a Representative from the State of Ohio, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS OF HON. THOMAS A. JENKINS

Mr. JENKINS of Ohio. Mr. Speaker and friends, the sorrow that we have for our dead is one sorrow from which the heart refuses to seek surcease. It is the only sorrow that we refuse to forget. Every other wound we seek to heal, but somehow we feel it our duty to keep this wound open. We sometimes cherish our sorrow for our dead so that we may brood over it in solitude. Our sorrow for our dead is measured exactly by our love for them.

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!

When we first get the sad news that one of our own has gone from us we feel an overwhelming burst of grief, but time, the great healer, slowly and surely calms this into a tender recollection. A gentle tear is then our only outward manifestation. The convulsive agony that first consumed us gradually softens into pensive meditation from which we derive much solace. And among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall the picture of one we loved the most will seem the best of all.

We may laugh with our gay friends, we may meet with them around the festal board, we may listen intently to their songs and chronicles, but there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. We are always keyed to hear the voice which even the tomb cannot stifle.

> There is a scene where spirits blend,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend.

A genuine show of reverence for the dead is a mark of culture in any individual. A nation's standard of civilization is accurately tested by the customs of the people as they show or fail to show proper respect for their dead. Veneration for the tomb and reverence for their dead was characteristic of the strong nations of earliest history. This simple inclination of these unlettered ancients to keep fresh the memories of their dead is unmistakable proof that the natural instincts of man cry out for the eternal companionship of those he loves.

In all generations nations have erected monuments as proof of their love and affection for their honored dead. No nation has surpassed us in this respect. All over our land a thankful people have recorded the virtues of their forefathers in literature, in art, in song, and in enduring bronze and granite. The choicest treasure of an individual who has lived right is his memory of his life's experiences—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The greatest wealth of any

nation is its national memories. When Greece was richest in treasures her greatest treasure was her culture. When Rome ruled the world her richest treasure was that which held her empire together—law and government. The national memories of our country are richer than our mines of gold, our fields of corn, or our cattle on a thousand hills. Our national memories are more ennobling than our great cities filled with the treasures of art and the trophies of war. In these days of wars and rumors of war our national memories which inspire our patriotism are a safer defense for the Republic than our strong efficient armies or our swift, magnificent navies.

So today we are deeply conscious that we have assembled to pay our tribute of love and respect to our deceased colleagues, of whom we could say that they were—

> Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
> In public duty, and in private thinking.

That they were—

> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who possess opinions and a will;
> Men who have honor, men who will not lie.

We meet from a genuine and generous impulse of our hearts to testify to their worth and to say to their relatives that we mingle our tears with theirs for we, too, love our departed brethren and shall forever cherish their memory. Their greatest and most enduring monuments will be seen in the greatness of the Republic which they served so well. It is a glorious death to die in the service of one's country. It is not important what one gets or what one has as compared to what one gives. These men gave of their time and their talents to their fullest capacity.

> Carve your name high over shifting sand,
> Where the steadfast rocks defy decay—
> All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
> Is what you have given away.

Build your pyramid skyward, and stand,
Gazed at by millions, cultured they say—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

Count your wide conquests of sea and land,
Heap up the gold, and hoard as you may—
All you can hold in your cold, dead hand
Is what you have given away.

The loss of these, our beloved colleagues, causes a wide gap in our public councils, of which we are deeply sensible. To the States which they represented and to the people of the sections of the country with which they were identified, no tongue of a stranger may venture to attempt words of adequate consolation. But let us heed the voice which comes to us all, both as individuals and as public officials, and in the solemn and signal province of God let us remember that our duty to the Republic next to our duty to God is our greatest obligation. Let us reflect how vain are the personal strifes and partisan contests in which we daily engage, in view of the great account which we soon may be called to render. Our opportunity to serve humanity is great and our responsibility to assume it humbly and discharge it nobly is commensurately great.

Our association with these our distinguished dead was a rare privilege. All of them, no doubt, came from wholesome environment. Their courage and ambition carried them through the public schools, the academies, colleges or universities as their funds would warrant. They boldly breasted the currents of life strengthening themselves by daring to swim against all currents that threatened to carry them into easy or useless activities. One must have a fair measure of courage and have confidence in his own worth and ability, when he asks an intelligent American constituency to elect him as their representative to the greatest legislative body in the world. When once honored with membership in this great body; once having sworn to uphold and defend the Constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic,

theirs was the duty to see to it that constitutional Government should be maintained and that the torch of equal justice should always be kept burning bright so as to lead those in authority to do justly and walk uprightly, to their own honor and to the welfare of the people and to the glory of the Republic. So nobly did they discharge their duties that they left no stain upon the escutcheon of the Republic. Alongside their irreproachable conduct, we lay the full measure of our love, our confidence, and our respect. While we held our departed brethren in the highest esteem as we served with them, our measurement of their stature might be dwarfed somewhat by the nearness of the perspective. Now that they are gone our appraisal could probably be better expressed in these words:

> A prince once said of a king struck down:
> "Taller he seems in death."
> And the word holds good, for now, as then,
> It is after death that we measure men.

The greatest measure of devotion that any man can show for his country is to die for it on the field of battle. I am sure that our departed brethren whom we strive to honor today would approve a reference by me at this time to the fact that this day is our national holiday known as Memorial Day. Today, from shore to shore, in every city, village, and hamlet, and at every countryside the people are gathered in tribute to their beloved dead. Soon after the close of the great conflict that threatened the existence of the Union there was published a poem inspired by the magnanimity of a group of women who strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Union dead as on the graves of their own Confederate dead. This little poem, the Blue and the Gray, with other contributing features, so moved the sympathy of the Nation that Decoration Day or Memorial Day came to be a national holiday. At first Decoration Day was largely a day for paying tribute to those who had died on the field of battle by decorating their graves, but it has now grown to universal

observance. The people, encouraged by the churches, the schools, the civic, fraternal, and patriotic organizations consider this as a day when they can proudly demonstrate their patriotism and when they can reverently show their love and devotion to those who have moved to that mysterious realm we call eternity.

Besides carrying his theme to a beautiful conclusion, the poet who wrote the Blue and the Gray expressed a beautiful and timely prophecy which we hope has been fully and enternally realized in our country. He writes:

> No more shall the war cry sever
> Or the winding river be red;
> They banish our anger forever
> When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Oh, speed the day everywhere when the peoples of the world can rest safely in the assurance that war shall be no more. May God hasten the fulfillment of the prophecy of His prophet, Isaiah, who said:

> And they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall there be war any more.

When primitive man advanced far enough to reason and rationalize he wondered whether death ended all. From that time forward one solemn thought has been with mankind always. As the primitive man saw his friends and his own offspring pass away he pondered over it and wondered whether he would ever see them again. When he saw their flesh mix with the insensible clod and their bleached bones blow away with the passing winds, he was dismayed. His mind was confused, and he followed his natural instinct and continued to ponder, little thinking that his plight was and would be for ages the common plight of mankind. Long before Revelation strengthened our faith and Resurrection assured our hope the people of the world were reverently and worshipfully seeking what they thought was the source of good, knowing that if there was a supreme being it must

be good. With advancing civilization the matter remained insolvable except for the rather indefinite prophecy of a few bold prophets. It was left to Job, the man of trouble and the great philosopher to give cogent expression to his feelings on this subject. He said:

O that Thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that Thou wouldest keep me secret, until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me.

If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer Thee; Thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thine hands.

Every rational man has with him always the question: If a man die shall he live again? He is baffled with his inability to prove the immortality of the soul but takes comfort in the thought that nobody has disproved it. Somehow a belief in the immortality of the soul binds the world in a close comradeship.

So through the generations the question has remained inexplicable by the intellect. Many questions are unexplainable by the intellect that are understood and solvable by the sensibilities. The finest activities of the soul spring from the sensibilities rather than from the intellect. When Job spoke, he consulted his feelings.

We need not worry too much about the mystery of death until we understand the miracle of birth. All men come into the world through birth and all are equal then. All men leave this world through death and all are again equal. But at no other time from birth to death are they equal. We of the Christian faith through our belief in Christ and His divinity are irresistibly led to a belief in the authenticity of the greatest event in all history—the resurrection of Christ. If Christ rose from the dead, this eternal question that has worried humanity has been answered. If we believe in Christ, let us hear Him say:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And

if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

To those who are of the house of faith these words are convincing. Encouragement to this view is also given when we recite the long list of the great of all ages who were irresistibly drawn to a belief in immortality. It was David who expressed his faith that he would again meet his son Absolom. The shrewd Socrates included a belief in immortality in his philosophy. The sublime Plato made himself immortal by his writings on the immortality of the soul. In burning eloquence Cicero proclaimed his belief in immortality. The Apostle Paul, who left a greater impression on the world than any other man, the Saviour only excepted, in faith abounding said:

And the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

These and other countless scholars, scientists, and philosophers agree with the irrefutable teaching of the lowly Nazarene.

Robert Ingersoll, the great modern agnostic, when put to the test while speaking at his brother's funeral, said:

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our own wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

Addison makes Cato say as he sat alone just before his suicide, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand and a drawn sword on the table before him:

Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.

Thus am I doubly armed; my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

My friends, change is the most inexorable law of nature. "Change and decay in all around" we see. Only God and His grace are unchanging and unchangeable. Heaven's fair morning has broken for our departed brethren. Earth's vain shadows have fled. "O Thou who changest not," let them abide with Thee.

Mr. John Carter sang "A Spirit Flower," by Campbell Tipton.

Hon. JAMES P. MCGRANERY, a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. JAMES P. M'GRANERY

Mr. McGRANERY. Mr. Speaker, more than four centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, Pericles, when asked to speak of the first Athenians who fell in the Peloponnesian War, confessed that he doubted the wisdom of any speech and declared that where men's deeds have been great they should be honored in deed only. Today my mind

is one with the great orator of Athens, as I stand in this Chamber which has echoed with the voices of the men whom we are gathered to commemorate, our colleagues who have been summoned into eternity during the past year.

Posterity will be eager to share our knowledge of their personalities, gained in the happy comradeship of this legislative body. Because they were statesmen, it is the right of future generations calmly to appraise their service here and judicially to award to them their places in history.

We, who knew them and loved them, find our eyes dimmed by emotion on this hallowed occasion as we unite to dedicate this hour to our friends. Nothing that we can say will soften the pain of loss in the hearts of their mothers, their widows, their children who are attending these exercises. Their grief will not lessen; but consolation, like the morning dew, must come with the realization that they have given a member of their family in sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. They must know, too, that the period of separation is a temporary one; for the men who are gone from our midst have reached the place of perpetual light where they are united to God, and where their loved ones will one day be reunited with them.

The legacy which they left us is a precious one—the more precious because the privilege was ours to know in the intimacy of good fellowship men whose integrity of character and social sympathy had enriched the life of a great nation.

In them we found no narrow passion of sectionalism, but rather the firm determination to interpret the historic forces animating American life, and the enlightened will to direct those forces to real fulfillment of the ideals of a democratic society.

With Edmund Burke they had come to understand that the distinction between a statesman and a pretender is that the latter thinks of results and aims for expediency, while the former reasons from principles and acts for immortality. These departed Members, whose memories we shall ever

cherish and revere, were exemplars of American statesmanship, and their active faith was the foundation of their substantial heroism. A vista is opened out to us luminous with their vision, and we who look through it see a world ordered by God, a universe serene with his spirit of peace.

Today is consecrated to those who have already gone to be with the valiant ones whom men call immortal. Yet we who remain should not be sad—our colleagues would not wish it, for they know, with Francis Thompson, that—

> The fairest things in life are death and birth,
> And of these two the fairer thing is death.
>
> * * * * *
>
> It is the falling star that trails the light,
> It is the breaking wave that trails the might,
> The passing shower that rainbows maniple.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Thus hath He unto death his beauty given:
> And so of all which form inheriteth,
> The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
> For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
> But death hath in itself the germ of birth:
> It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
> The falling rain that bears the greenery.
>
> * * * * *
>
> For there is nothing lives but something dies,
> And there is nothing dies but something lives.
> Till skies be fugitives,
> Till time, the hidden root of change, updrives,
> Are birth and death inseparable on earth,
> For they are twain yet one, and death is birth.

If they could return to this Hall of Congress they would smile—

> As only joy made wise
> By sorrow smiles at fear, as if a smile
> Would teach—

Us the serenity of one who has the perspective of eternity, of one who stands and views the centuries from afar unconfused by the sequence of past and future.

We who are here can but—

> Dimly guess what time in mists confounds;
> Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
> From the hid battlements of eternity.

As it did for our comrades. They answered it, not with their loins girded for war, but armored with their valiant faith, eager for the peace that passeth understanding.

We, who shared their last days under the dome of this Capitol, had witnessed again and again the manifestation of the faith which was their treasured heritage as Americans—faith in the logic of democracy; faith in their fellowmen, and in the supremacy of the spiritual force; faith in the essentially democratic ideal of the right of men everywhere to determine the conduct of their own affairs; faith in the ideal of the cooperation of peoples, in the same ideal which during almost eight score years welded together the individuals, who had their varied origins in the many hostile countries of the Old World, into an harmonious and united nation in the New World, where there is no place for communism, nazism, or fascism with their false interpretations of anthropology and biology.

It is not fitting that I should here attempt any controversial discussion, but I should lack the courage of those earnest advocates of democracy whom we are gathered to honor if I did not voice the plea that they would make today in this Chamber.

May God grant that the ideal of democratic cooperation which has been realized in this Republic—and of which this legislative body is at once a symbol and a proof—shall in our time join the now discordant peoples of the whole world into a permanent and united congress of nations.

Many years ago that great American, Charles Sumner, said:

> Not that I love country less, but humanity more, do I now and here plead the cause of a higher and truer patriotism. I cannot forget that we are men by a more sacred bond than we are citizens—that we are children of a common Father more than we are Americans.

It is natural, too, that we, as Members of the Congress of the United States, should place the tie of humanity above that of nationality, for each Member represents diverse constituents descended from citizens of all the nations, constituents of all creeds and of all races—constituents who live in harmony with each other, and ask of us only that we legislate for the common good. Their protection is indeed in their fraternity, and the legislation enacted in these Halls for them by us, their representatives, is effective, not because of the perishable parchment upon which it is inscribed but because it expresses the will of the American people with its tradition of fair and honorable dealing, founded upon the principles of equality, first enunciated for us in the Declaration of Independence.

As my eminent and now deceased predecessor from the district which I have the privilege to represent, the Honorable James M. Beck, aptly stated:

> The Declaration did not create us a people. We were potentially a great people before it was adopted. Declarations, constitutions, and governments do not create peoples, but peoples create governments and ordain constitutions.

There is today harmony among the varied citizens of these United States because theirs is the spirit of democracy, which safeguards their inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The human conscience, to which Jefferson appealed in his great state paper, rises higher than the selfish interests and prejudices of nations and races, and unerringly approves what is right and condemns what is wrong. His words gave unto men a new deed poll to liberty, and neither time nor change has clouded the title for the many who have since claimed their heritage on our shores.

Our national strength has increased in the same ratio as our spirit of solidarity has grown under the wise and fatherly government of the Republic. It has been well said that our whole system of law is in its essence only the enforcement of the reciprocal limitations of individual liberty.

Every man must limit his liberty by his brother's, and his brother must in turn realize that his freedom is not without the restraint that is upon every member of a family. Each law and each custom which constrains human conduct is justified insofar as it is necessary and appropriate for the preservation of the liberty of other men.

The keystone of American liberty has ever been freedom of speech—a happy heritage won by our forefathers by incalculable sacrifice—a sacred inheritance to be preserved only by perpetual vigilance. It must be maintained inviolate by the guardians of democracy whose sacred trust it is to watch it as zealously as the vestal virgins of ancient Rome guarded the fire of the empire.

The Members of the Congress must be militant to maintain liberty in the face of alien and corrupting influences that seek to undermine it within our borders, just as they must be vigilant to defend the integrity of those borders against military aggression from abroad.

This dual admonition has come down to us in the Farewell Address, wherein the Father of our Country reminded us that—

> In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Wisely, he affirmed, that—

> Virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.

As he cautioned us:

> Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?

With practical foresight, he counseled that we were to do these things:

> Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments on a respectable defensive posture—

And—

> Remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent greater disbursements to repel it.

The philosophy of Washington, blended with that of Monroe, has been clarified and revivified for the men of today by the President of the United States, as he eloquently declared:

> To show our faith in democracy, we have made the policy of the good neighbor the cornerstone of our foreign relations. No other policy would be consistent with our ideas and our ideals. In the fulfillment of this policy we propose to heed the ancient scriptural admonition not to move our neighbor's landmarks, not to encroach on his metes and bounds.
>
> We desire by every legitimate means to promote freedom in trade and travel and in the exchange of cultural ideas among nations. We seek no territorial expansion, we are not covetous of our neighbor's goods; we shall cooperate in every proposal put forward to limit armaments; we abhor the appeal to physical force except to repulse aggression, but we say to all the world that in the Western Hemisphere—in the three Americas—the institutions of democracy—government with the consent of the governed—must and will be maintained.

With his unfailing clarity of expression, the Chief Executive of our Nation has thus summarized the will of the American people, the determination of every representative who has ever been elected to serve in the Congress of the United States.

As the immediate representatives of the people, Members of the Congress were entrusted by the Federal Constitution with the sole right—yea, the solemn duty—to declare war. It is a happy commentary upon the patriots who served their country in this historic place—who daily devoted their living strength to the tasks of their sacred trust—that, throughout the century and a half that has intervened, there has marched a long and distinguished procession of men who have waged in this Chamber an unceasing battle to substitute for the arbitrament of war and death the reign of law, a valiant campaign to guarantee to the principles of democracy eternal validity.

Our colleagues who we mourn today were members of that militant procession whose fealty was to democracy, the

mother of peace. They had consecrated their manhood to a great cause, and in this place where we are met today they gave their lives as heroically as any soldier—knights who died in a crusade.

They are beyond the need of our prayers as truly as the martyrs who were baptized by blood. By their death there has been born in the hearts of each of us a desire to dedicate ourselves anew to the defense of democracy.

In the words of Cardinal Newman, we, who must carry on, humbly ask our Divine Father:

> May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done; then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last.

The Temple Quartet sang "The Strife Is O'er," by Palestrina.

Taps was sounded by Winfred Kemp, principal musician, United States Marine Band Orchestra.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the Benediction:

Unto Him who is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power both now and forever.

Now may grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost abide with you and keep you always. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Stephen Warfield Gambrill

Memorial Addresses

Remarks by Representative Cole

Of Maryland

Mr. COLE of Maryland. Mr. Speaker, 10 years of service with a colleague in the House of Representatives affords the best available opportunity to really know a man. This is especially true in the case of Members of Congress from the same State.

As a young man, before entering public life, I knew, by reputation, our late colleague, Hon. STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL. His life and public service in the Legislature of Maryland was synonymous with all we like to identify with true statesmanship. A thorough student, a real gentleman, a strong and forceful debater, a fair and courteous gentleman were all attributes belonging to him.

With a foundation derived from attendance, as a young man, at the Maryland Agricultural College, from which he graduated and later from the law school of Columbian University in Washington, which is now known as George Washington University, he was admitted to the bar in 1897 and became a practicing attorney in the city of Baltimore, specializing in surety and insurance law. For years Mr. GAMBRILL was associated in a prominent way with the legal department of the Fidelity & Deposit Company of Baltimore. It was during his service as a member of the Maryland Legislature in 1920–22 and the Maryland Senate in 1924 that he became a State-wide figure. It was not surprising that his talents were called into service in a larger field when he was chosen Representative in Congress from the Fifth District of Maryland in November 1924, and thereafter to each succeeding Congress, to the time of his death on December 19, 1938.

As a member of the powerful and important Committee on Naval Affairs, Mr. GAMBRILL found his most interesting work. The zealousness he displayed caused many to feel at times that he looked upon the United States Naval Academy, situated in Annapolis, in the heart of the great district he represented, as peculiarly his individual problem. His devotion to this important activity of the Federal Government in his district was appreciated by all, especially the people of Annapolis where, as a candidate so often, he received ever increasing majorities.

My fondest recollections of STEVE GAMBRILL carry me into the many meetings of the Maryland delegation, held during the long term of service we enjoyed together. He was looked upon by our group as one possessing peculiar qualities of analysis and judgment which was helpful to us, especially during the trying depression period from 1929 to date. Representing, as he did, one of the most trying districts in the entire country, because of its close proximity to the Capitol, he became a virtual slave to his constituents. During the last few years of his life, when he could well have afforded, like many others, to preserve his energies and yet attend the sessions of the House and vote his convictions, he would, from early morning through the day, and often late into the night, continue the practice of seeing many people in order to solve the ever recurring problems of distress and need so prevalent in the office of a Congressman during the recent depression period.

STEVE GAMBRILL left a host of friends in the House and thousands of devoted admirers in the State. I have missed him greatly and shall not only never forget his jovial, happy personality but the counsel and advice he was able to give, and shall recall my association with him many, many times.

Remarks by Representative D'Alesandro

Of Maryland

Mr. D'ALESANDRO. Mr. Speaker, the sudden and untimely death of STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL, of the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland, on December 19, 1938, came as a great shock to all who had known him. To those who had known him well and who had shared his friendship, death carried with it a sense of deepest personal loss.

That Mr. GAMBRILL was well beloved and highly respected by his constituents is shown by the fact that he was elected to the Maryland State Legislature in 1920 and 1922, to the Maryland State Senate in 1924, and to the United States House of Representatives from 1924 until his death in 1938. What further evidence of their affection and esteem could they have shown?

His personality, his sincerity, and his generosity endeared him to all who knew him, and especially to those who had the pleasure and privilege of serving with him and he well deserved their respect, devotion, and love which they freely gave. He had qualities of mind and heart which made him an exceptionally effective Member of Congress and public servant.

As his friend and a Representative from the same State, I am proud to pay tribute to his memory.

Remarks by Representative Sasscer

Of Maryland

Mr. SASSCER. Mr. Speaker, we gather to pay our respects to the life and memory of your late colleague and my predecessor of the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland, the Honorable STEPHEN WARFIELD GAMBRILL.

Born and raised among the beautiful hills of Howard County, he was from a family long prominent in the official life of our State. He inherited from distinguished statesmen, whose services to Maryland are traditional, an interest in public and civic affairs and an affection for and loyalty to its people.

My colleagues of the Maryland delegation have called attention to his distinguished service since entering the Congress of the United States. I shall therefore reach back to my association with him in the Senate of Maryland before he entered this body. There I saw him come to the State senate from the floor leadership of the house of delegates where, in the prime of life and fullness of his physical strength, and amid the confidence of friends and admirers, he was the radiantly outstanding member of that session—a debater of tremendous force and a man of undaunted courage. After he entered into the Maryland Senate I became more closely associated with him, and there we formed a personal and political friendship which lasted down through the years until death removed from the Fifth Congressional District of Maryland an able and valued public servant and took from me a close and honored friend.

To one who knew him during his service at Annapolis there arises visions of his enthusiasm, force, sound judgment, and prudent counsel. Vigorous energy and tenacity of purpose so distinguished him in the midday of his life that he was

soon called to represent his people in the Congress. His services here have been replete with self-sacrifice and accomplishments, and even when his health and strength began to yield his desire to meet the obligations which devolved upon him was such that his undaunted spirit kept him performing his public duties with courage and fidelity to the end.

When we contemplate the strong points that stood out so prominently in his character it can well be said: Peace and rest to his soul and honor to his memory.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

TUESDAY, *January 3, 1939.*

Mr. GOLDSBOROUGH. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution.

The Clerk read (H. Res. 18) as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. STEPHEN W. GAMBRILL, a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect for our deceased colleague, I move that the House recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 2 o'clock and 33 minutes p. m.) the House stood in recess until tomorrow, Wednesday, January 4, 1939, at 12 o'clock noon.

MONDAY, *January 9, 1939.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. STEPHEN W. GAMBRILL, late a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock meridian Monday next.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

WEDNESDAY, *January 4, 1939.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Calloway, one of its reading clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. STEPHEN W. GAMBRILL, late a Representative from the State of Maryland, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

THURSDAY, *January 5, 1939.*

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate the following resolution (H. Res. 18) from the House of Representatives, which was read:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. STEPHEN W. GAMBRILL, a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. TYDINGS. Mr. President, I submit a resolution and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 37) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. STEPHEN W. GAMBRILL, late a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Mr. BARKLEY. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon on Monday next.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 3 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until Monday, January 9, 1939, at 12 o'clock meridian.

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